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LYNN'S ACTING EDITION, No. XXIV.

# DRAWING ROOM ◇ PLAYS ◇

BY

LESLY THOMSON.

I.—SETTLING UP; A Comedietta.

II.—THE SHADOW; Dramatic Episode. X

III.—A RICHMOND DINNER; Farcical Sketch. X



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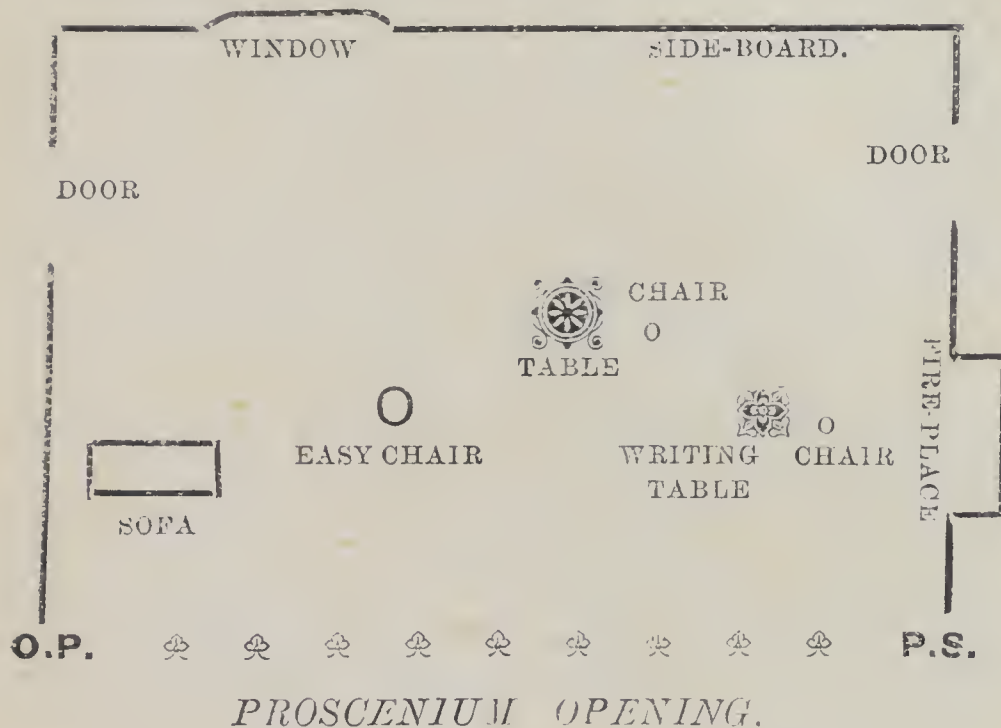
# SETTLING UP.

## **A Comedietta.**

### CHARACTERS.

Hon. Cecil Molyneux (Engaged to Dora)... ..  
Dora Webb (Betrothed to Cecil) ... ..  
Porter (Cecil's man) ... ..

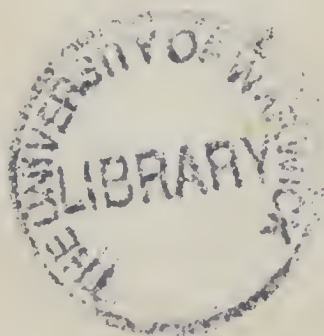
### PLAN OF SET.



### SCENE :

Cecil's Chamber's in Duke Street. Derby Day, 189—  
Plays Twenty Minutes.

LOUIS MARSHAL & Co.,  
PRINTERS,  
12, WILSON STREET, FINSBURY, E.C.



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Plays Twenty Minutes.

## SETTLING UP.

---

SCENE :—*Cecil's Chambers in Duke Street. Enter door R., Cecil in fashionable racing get-up. Kicks door open, slams it; throws stick in one corner, gloves in another, betting-book on table C. and throws himself into easy-chair R.C.*

*Cecil* : Confound race meetings. Especially the Derby. It is a perfect disgrace to a so-called Christian nation to keep up such a scandalous event year after year. (*Picks up betting book, looks through it*). There, I have been down to Epsom to-day with a straight tip to lay every penny I had against the favourite! And what is the result? I'm broke. It's positively immoral to countenance betting. If I were Prime Minister, I'd hang every bookie, and carry on all their business myself. That would be the only way to stop it. I'd take precious good care not to get taken in by a lot of sharpers who can't or won't pay! By Jove. I quite forgot to pay Crawley, the original Crawley. How could I have forgotten? Never mind; he shall be paid to-morrow. (*Takes out handful of money and counts it*). Phew! Seven and eightpence and a bad half-sovereign. That was the only thing I won! That won't go far in paying Crawley, I'm afraid. I wonder who else I'm indebted to? (*Bell rings, he rushes to window*). Great Scott! Some of the sporting fraternity, I expect. Come to ask after my health. (*Rushes to door R; opens it and calls*). Porter! Porter.

*Porter (off)* : Yessir.

*Cecil* : I'm not at home. I've gone to see my Aunt Maria who is ill. Very ill, mind, Porter. (*Shuts door, and bolts off L.E. Pause. Enter R. Dora; she turns and speaks off to Porter.*)

*Dora* : All right, I'll just leave a note for Mr. Molyneux. [*Shuts door and comes down C.*] Gone to see his Aunt Maria,

poor dear! I wonder where he really is. He must be back from Epsom by this time. I'm afraid he hasn't had a good day, so I thought I would just slip round and see him. He looked very sick after the finish of the Derby. Poor boy. I did so hope he would be in, as I shan't see him till to-night at the Trevor's dance. (*Sits in easy chair, R.C.*) What's that book on the table? (*Rises and picks up betting-book.*) I wonder if I dare peep into it. (*Opens it.*) Ah, his book. How shocking! I wonder if he backed Black Susan for a place like I did! (*Reads*) No, he *didn't*, the duffer. Hallo! What's this? "To-day's losses: Crawley (3 races) £600; Dick Walsh (Beast), £250; Col. Walker (Pig), £200; Jim Webb (the wretch, my own brother), £100. Sundries £50. Total £1,200." Poor, poor Cecil; but I'll clear him if he promises never *never* to bet again. I'll just run home and see how much I can assist him with, and then I'll come back and tell him. (*Runs off gaily R. Pause. Cecil puts his head out of door L., seeing nobody, he enters attired in dressing gown and smoking cigarette.*)

*Cecil*: Fancied I heard someone moving about in the room. Probably only Porter trying to pick up a tip. (*Sighs*). Not from me. From the "Pink 'Un." (*Sees betting book on table, pockets it.*) By Jove. That's not a thing to leave about. If any outsiders saw it they might think I'm a gamester. Talking of outsiders, if I only had a fiver I'd put it on Pancake for the Nursery Plate. He's starting at 20 to 1, (*knock at door R, Cecil bolts back into room L.*)

*Porter (off)*: Post, sir!

*Cecil (entering L)*: Come in! (*Enter Porter R with letters*) Ah, Porter! Letters, eh?

*Porter*: Yessir.

*Cecil*: Bills?

*Porter*: Think so, sir.

*Cecil*: Burn 'em.

*Porter*: Yessir.

*Cecil*: Stop a moment, Porter. Just let's have a look. We may be mistaken. There may be a little grain among the chaff. (*takes letters; gives three to Porter without opening them.*) I think we know who these are from, eh Porter?

*Porter*: Yessir.

*Cecil (opening one)*: "Victoria by the Grace of....." take it away.

*Porter (taking it):* Yessir.

*Cecil:* It's a waste of time to write to me. I think I shall tell Her Majesty so. By the bye Porter, that sort of paper makes excellent pipe-lights. Just twist it up into spills.

*Porter:* Yessir. (*Cecil opens last letter of bundle.*)

*Cecil:* From Uncle John. Dear, generous Uncle John! (*reads*). "My dear Nephew, What charming weather," um um, Uncle John always was a bit of a liar! "I am sending you"—Ah, that sounds better! (*Turns over page*) "A pot of Devonshire cream." Oh d.....n his Devonshire cream.

*Porter:* Yessir.

*Cecil (crumpling up letter):* You may go now, Porter, and get me a whisky and soda.

*Porter:* Yessir. (*Exit R, with letters.*)

*Cecil (sitting L of table C):* My last hope gone! I tried to draw that stingy old beggar for a little oof, and he sends me Devonshire cream. I hate the stuff. Not even a quid to buy strawberries to eat with it! I'm fairly up a tree. The guv'nor won't give another penny, and I've no assets! I'll be in the Bankruptcy Court soon—it's the only Court I'll ever be presented at. Then what will Dora say? And, worse still, what will her father say! He hates gambling in every form. There's not much doubt what *he'll* say! I'll have to cut the Trevor's dance to-night as Dora will be there, and a dance isn't a good place to explain matters of this sort. I'll just stroll down to the Club, and write a note to Dora and say I'm not well. That's true enough! Then I'll dine quietly at some one else's expense, and after a game of pool, as old Samuel Pepys says, "so to bed." I'll just get Porter to call a hansom. (*Rings bell.*)

(*Enter R, PORTER, with tumbler.*)

*Porter:* Did you ring?

*Cecil:* Yes. I'm out. Is that the lotion?

*Porter:* Yessir.

*Cecil:* Put it on the table. (*Porter does so.*)

*Porter:* You're out, sir?

*Cecil:* Yes.

*Porter (going):* Anything else, sir?

*Cecil:* Yes. Just call me a hansom, will you? I'm going to dress, and will be ready by the time you have got it.

*Porter* : Yessir. (*Exit R.*)

*Cecil (drinking)* : Ah, that's refreshing ! To-morrow I must go round and lay the whole case before old Trevor. If he chucks me out, I'm done for. One thing is certain. I won't put myself in the clutches of the Jews (*going L*). They wouldn't lend me a sou ! I've tried ! (*Exit L, with tumbler. Pause. Door R opens softly, enter DORA, looks round.*)

*Dora (C)* : Not in yet ? I wonder what has become of him, I'll just ring for Porter. (*Rings. Enter Porter.*)

*Porter* : The hansom is come, sir. (*Sees Dora ; starts.*) Oh, beg pardin', Miss. (*Going.*)

*Dora* : Stop ; what was that about a hansom ?

*Porter* : Well, Miss, I—I, well—

*Dora* : Is your master in ?

*Porter* : No, Miss.

*Dora* : Who is the hansom for, then ?

*Porter* : Begging your pardon, Miss ; I—I thought you was the chambermaid, and was a-calling of you handsome ! (*Looks apprehensively at Dora.*)

*Dora* : Porter ! That is an untruth.

*Porter* : Yes, Miss, *Door L opens, and Cecil enters whistling; stops short on seeing Dora.*)

*Cecil* : Dora ! What are you doing here ?

*Dora* : Cecil ! You are in !

*Cecil* : It looks like it.

*Dora* : Porter told me you were out !

*Cecil (in a shocked tone of voice)* : Porter ! How could you ! I am much pained by this lack of moral perception on your part. (*Goes up to him ; lays his hand on his shoulder*) I will say nothing more about it this time, but do not let it happen again. (*Whisper*) Send away that hansom.

*Porter (aside)* : Yessir. (*Aloud*) Thank you, sir ; I'll try to do better in the future. (*Exit R.*)

*Dora (sitting on sofa R)* : Come and sit by me, Cecil.

*Cecil (sitting)* : Well, dear ?

*Dora* : How did you get on to-day at Epsom ?

*Cecil* : Rather badly on the whole. Lost a few shillings, you know. Are you going to the Trevor's dance ? I hear it's going to be—

*Dora* : Cecil, you are trying to put me off.

*Cecil* : Off what ? The sofa ? Oh, dear, no. (*Puts his arm round her waist.*) I'll do my best not to let you fall off !

*Dora* : Cecil, how dare you ? Suppose anyone was to see ?

*Cecil* : Oh, there's no one likely to see except Porter, and it will be no novelty to him.

*Dora (horrified)* : Cecil !

*Cecil* : I mean you know—he's only my servant, you know, and one is never a hero to one's valet as some old Johnny says.

*Dora* : Do try to be serious just for a few minutes. About your losses to-day, now.

*Cecil* : Gad ! That's serious enough !

*Dora* : Oh ! More than a few shillings.

*Cecil (ruefully)* : Just a trifle more.

*Dora* : That's just what I want to talk about. You know how papa hates betting and all that sort of thing. Well ! you know if he finds out you have lost a pot of money on the Derby, he won't let you marry me.

*Cecil* : That would be rough on you certainly !

*Dora* : Don't be rude or I won't help you at all. To prevent any story of your losses reaching papa's ears, your debts must be paid at *once* !

*Cecil* : Certainly ! *most* certainly ! But how ?

*Dora* : What's the total amount ?

*Cecil* : Well, um—

*Dora* : Don't prevaricate, for I know.

*Cecil* : The deuce you do.

*Dora* : Yes. I was here before and peeped into your book. Twelve hundred pounds.

*Cecil (ruefully)* : Another Paul Pry. Well, the question now is how am *I* to raise the needful ?

*Dora* : I will !

*Cecil (jumping up)* : You ! (*Incredulously*) My dear child, how could you manage that ?

*Dora (rising)* : I have £300 of my own in the Bank.

*Cecil* : But, my dear girl, I would never dream of taking your savings.

*Dora* : Pooh ! I didn't spend nearly all my last quarter's allowance so I banked it in case something I wanted should turn up. And as I want *you*, there you are.

*Cecil* : But supposing I take it ! Well that's—let me see. (*Counting*) Three from twelve ! That still leaves nine hundred to be accounted for.

*Dora* : I can manage that too if you will promise me *never* to make another bet.

*Cecil* (*groans*) : Oh, well, I'll try. I hereby solemnly promise not to make another bet till I get permission from you. Will that suit ?

*Dora* : Splendidly. I really believe you'll try and keep your promise.

*Cecil* : I will. I swear it. (*Aside.*) D—n. (*Takes her into his arms*) But, little one, how are you going to get hold of such a lot of money !

*Dora* : I've got it !

*Cecil* : Got it ? How on earth ?

*Dora* (*laying her head on his shoulder*) : I—I got my cousin Arthur to help me. and—and—

*Cecil* : Well ?

*Dora* : I had a bit on, and was luckier than you. (*Cecil kisses her smiling and—*)

. — C U R T A I N —

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# THE SHADOW.

## A Dramatic Episode.

—o—

### *Dramatis Personæ.*

Dr. HUME ... ..

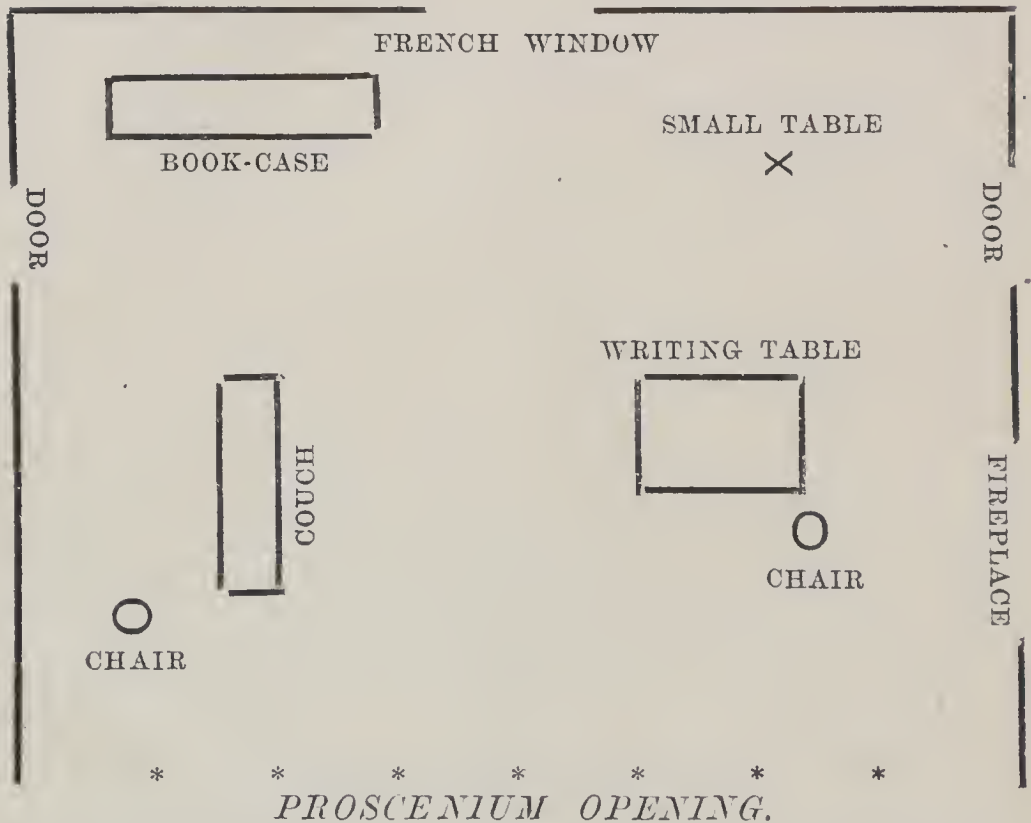
Rev. STEPHEN MARKS (Vicar of Holcombe)

OLIVE KENDALL (his grand-daughter)

MARGARET (her old nurse) ... ..

### PLAN OF SET.

GARDEN CLOTH



Scene.—The Vicar's Study.      Time.—Early Spring.  
Plays Eighteen Minutes.

# THE SHADOW.

---

SCENE.—*The vicar's study. Comfortable apartment. A few spring flowers are in vases on the table and mantle shelf. As curtain rises, Margaret enters from door R, comes down C, and stands silently weeping. Then from same entrance comes Hume; he turns, and looks back into the room.*

*Hume (calling) :* Now mind you are better the next time I see you.

*Olive (within, faintly) :* All right, Doctor. Good-bye.

*Hume (lightly) :* Good-bye. (*Nods cheerily into room and shuts door, and comes down to Margaret*). It's no use, I can't tell her. *I can't.*

*Margaret :* Poor lamb She's just like her mother was when she died. It's written in her face.

*Hume (sitting down at writing table L). :* It would be bad enough to have to tell her the truth, but to have to break it to that poor old man. It is too terrible. I'll tell you what, Margaret. You go back to her now, and dress her in a light wrapper or something.

*Margaret :* What, sir? Do you mean she is to get up.

*Hume :* Yes. It's only a matter of hours, nay minutes, now, so nothing can possibly hasten the end. She has begged me so hard and so often to let her come in and sit with her grand-father, and as long as there was the least hope of her recovery, I would not allow it—but now, but now—let her have a little happiness in her last hours. (*Margaret bows her head silently and goes towards door R, as she reaches it, she brushes away her tears, and exit trying to smile.*)

*Hume :* Poor child. It is hard for her, but what is it for him. (*Rises and goes towards fire-place; looks up at picture*) Ah! That was her mother. The same sweet expression. Pshaw! I'm getting quite overcome. This won't do for a doctor. Brace up, man. (*Pulls himself together, but, with a sigh, sinks down in chair by fire-place. Enter from window C,*

*Marks. He is an old man, with silver hair, and seems quite bowed down with woe. He puts his hat on couch and stands a moment.)*

*Marks :* It's useless my trying to think of my sermon for next Sunday when—(*turns and sees Hume*) What, Doctor (*going L*), what news have you for me? Don't be afraid, man. I'm not a coward. (*Hume goes to him, and silently takes his hand.*

*Marks :* Why don't you speak? (*Looks at him fixedly*).

*Hume :* What can I say? (*Turns from him*). (*Pause*).

*Marks (bowing his head) :* Thy will be done. (*Pause, and then goes to Hume who has seated himself again by fire, puts his hand on his shoulder*).

*Marks (huskily) :* How long?

*Hume (rising) :* My dear friend, It is a hard thing for me to have to wring your heart, but I fear she has not an hour's life left.

*Marks :* May I go to her?

*Hume :* She is coming to you.

*Marks :* What do you mean?

*Hume :* I mean that, just now, Margaret is dressing her, and she will come in here and you can sit together for, for a little.

*Marks :* That was kind of you, Doctor, to think of that. I suppose it can do her no harm—now?

*Hume :* None.

*Marks (going to couch) :* Come and sit by me, Hume, for a little (*staggers, Hume supports him*). Ah, I am a very frail old man now. God grant that I may soon rejoin my loved ones. (*Marks and Hume sit on couch, R.*) Did you ever hear my story? It is not a strange one. It is an old, old tale but none the less sad for that. Twenty years ago my daughter, my only child, ran away and married against my will with one of old Sir John Kendall's sons who was in the navy. A wild reckless scamp but—but he loved her. I—I am ashamed to say I forgot my priestly calling, and the command of Him who instituted it—Forgive, and I disowned her. She wrote to me after the ceremony a letter begging forgiveness. I answered her cruelly, saying that henceforth we were strangers. How could I have done so terrible a thing? I believe it broke her heart. The letter she wrote me is now my dearest treasure, next to the dear one in the

next room whose time with me is now so short. When *she* is gone, I shall indeed be alone. (*Pause.*) But I am not getting on with my story. I heard nothing from her till one day, some two years after, I had a letter; a piteous appeal from her telling me that her husband had been drowned at sea and that she and her baby-girl were in great want. All my past unkindness came back to me, and I hurried off to her, and brought her back to my home, only to see her die. She left me her little daughter to cherish, and God knows I have loved her, and now she is going to be taken from me. This is my punishment. (*Pause.*) *Marks sits with his head bowed in his hands. Margaret opens doors R., Hume turns, sees her, they make signs, and then Hume silently withdraws, door L. Then Margaret enters, supporting Olive. She leads her softly down, and places her on couch by Marks. Olive puts her arms round his neck).*

*Olive* : Why are you crying, Daddy ?

*Marks (starting)* : What ? Oh, my child, my child ! (*embraces her*). But there, that will never do. You must not sit up like this. Come Margaret and help me put Miss Olive on the couch. (*Margaret approaches.*) How would you like the couch placed ? In front of the window to see the snow-drops in the garden ?

*Olive* : No, dear. I would just like it here, where I can lie and see mother's picture. (*Margaret and Marks lay her gently down and cover her with shawls, &c. Exit Margaret L.E.*)

*Olive* : This is a great improvement, isn't it, dear Daddy ! Being allowed to come in here ?

*Marks (sitting on end of couch and holding her hand)* : Yes, dear, yes.

*Olive* : And did Doctor Hume say when he thought I should be able to go away with you to those delightful countries you and I have talked of so often ? Just you and I together. Did he ?

*Marks* : Yes, my darling. He did. (*Brokenly*). Very soon.

*Olive* : But why are you unhappy about it ? Won't it be delightful to be able to be out in the sunshine all day, and see the beautiful blue sky and the flowers ? (*Anxiously trying to raise herself.*) Tell me, dear ; why don't you speak to me ?

*Marks* : Yes, my darling, I will tell you. You and I are going to a beautiful country very far away.

*Olive (clapping her hands)* : That will be nice. Tell me all about it. (*Gasps and sinks back ; Marks supports her.*)

*Marks* : Are you better now, dear ? You know you must not exert yourself too much. You just lie still and I will talk to you. See, hold my hand. (*Olive does so.*)

*Marks* : My darling, this country, this far country, you—we are going to is a fair land, all sunshine and brightness. No one is ill there, there are no tears shed, no partings to make hearts ache : all joy and peace, and love.

*Olive* : It must be like fairy-land.

*Marks* : Better than fairy-land, my sweet. There are no wicked elves to mar the pleasure of the good fays. No one—

*Olive (interrupting)* : Daddy.

*Marks* : Well, childie ?

*Olive* : I think I know now what you mean. This country—it, it is not, it is n—

*Marks* : It is not of this earth. (*Olive starts*) Ah, my child, it is nothing to fear. You are ready to take your place among the angels. And by and by when you see a poor tottering old man, striving to come to you, you will put out a helping hand.

*Olive* : Ah ! (*Sinks back. Marks jumps up, kneels beside couch, and clasps his hands.*)

*Marks* : Olive, Olive ! Speak to me.

*Olive (faintly)* : Yes, dear Daddy. I'm here.

*Marks* : We shall be much happier then. Dear mother will be there, and we shall all three be together never again to be parted. Think of that ! And you know, darling, you are going first to tell her I am coming.

*Olive* : Yes, I am going. (*Suddenly*) Ah, I see her.

*Marks* : Where, my darling ? What do you mean ?

*Olive (sitting up and pointing)* : In there she is waiting for me. Her arms are stretched out to welcome me. (*Holds out her arms and falls back motionless.*)

*Marks* : Poor child, she is wandering. (*Softly*) Olive ! (*More loudly*) Olive ! (*Starts up, feels her hand*) She is dead ! (*Looks with a face of agony on her ; kisses her passionately. Sinks down on his knees beside the couch, holding her hand in his. In a broken voice, looking up*) " Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace." (*His head gradually sinks on couch as the*

CURTAIN FALLS.

# A RICHMOND DINNER.

A FARCICAL SKETCH.

———:O:———

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Benjamin James Budd, Esq. (Of Budd, Blossom and Co.)

Matilda Ann Budd ... .. (His sister.)

William ... (Waiter, "Star and Garter," Richmond.)

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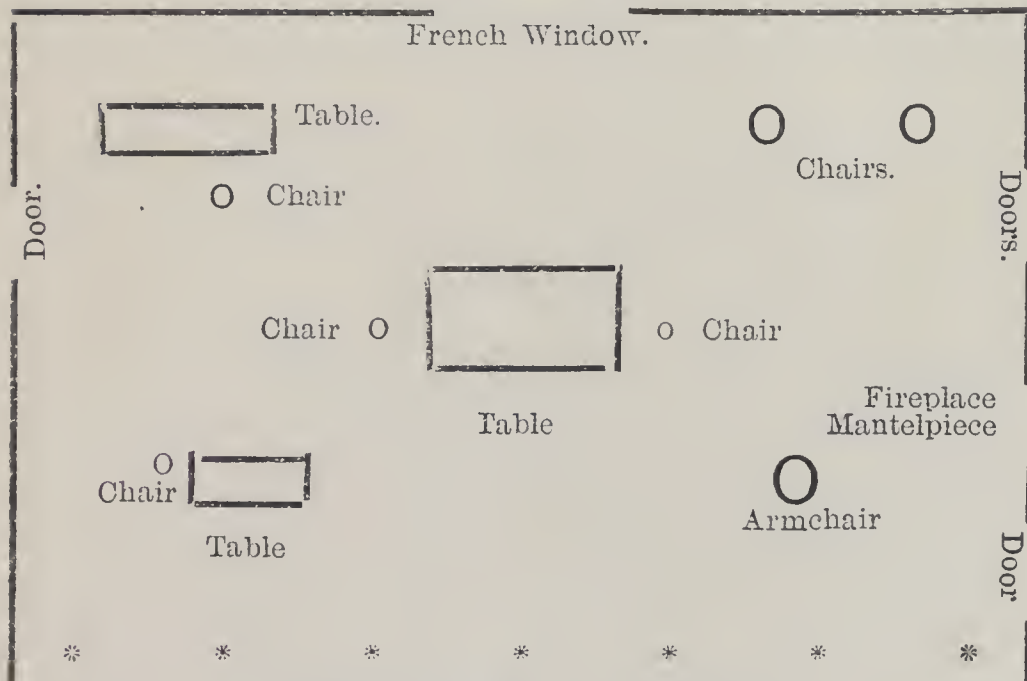
## PLAN OF SET.

River backing.

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Balcony.

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PROSCENIUM OPENING.

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Scene : "Star and Garter," Richmond.

Plays—Twelve Minutes.

## A RICHMOND DINNER.

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*Scene: Sitting Room, "Star and Garter," Richmond.  
As curtain rises, William discovered putting  
finishing touches to dinner table laid for two.*

*Wil:* There! that looks werry nice. I wonder wot sort of a gent this party is as ordered this 'ere repasture. "Private room, first-class dinner for two to-night, seven, Budd, London." Them was the words of the telegram as was received this mornin'. (*Noise of wheels.*) There he is.

*(Exit William L.U.E., and re-enters ushering in Mr. Budd, who wears large Inverness cape, comforter, &c. He carries box in hand. Budd is elderly and bald, but assumes a juvenile air.)*

*Budd:* Hum, yes. I think that looks all right.

*(William begins to help him off with coat; Budd frowns at him, William tries again. Budd hits him with umbrella.)*

*Budd (roaring):* Confound you, sir! What the deuce are you doing? Do you think I want to catch my death of cold? Shut the window. (*William does so.*) Now you may assist me to remove my coat. (*William tramps on his foot.*) Hang it all; do you think my foot is the floor? Clumsy idiot. Get out. (*William rushes off L.U.E. Budd glares at him; then carefully closes door. Removes coat, comforter, &c.; discovering evening dress, huge orchid in button hole, &c. Then cautiously takes up box and puts it on small table, down R.; sits by table, produces copy of "Matrimonial Journal."*) What a boon is the "Matrimonial Journal." It's only ten days since I inserted my first advertisement for a wife, and to-day my Mab is going to dine with me. Her nom de plume is Mab. Mine is Romano—I mean Romeo. True I have never seen her, but I have her photograph here. (*Slaps his chest.*) Ugh! that confounded sister of mine has put a pin into my chest-protector. She does write such sweet letters. Bless her.

The one she wrote promising to dine with me was so charming. Something like this: "Adored Romeo"—*was* it adored? I think it was. (*Ecstatically*). "Adored Romeo, to dine with you will be bliss unspeakable. How I long to see your manly figure carving the roast pork!" Now that's what I call practical. No nonsense about her. (*Rises.*) I feel as if I could compose a little poetry now. (*Paces stage.*)

"Oh Mab, that face of yours so sweet  
Has taken me by storm  
That I would almost swear I feel"—

(*Going L. and flourishing his arms, he runs into William.*)

Wil: Did you ring, sir?

Budd: No! (*William bows, picks up box from table, and begins to make his exit, when Budd jumps up, collars him, and takes box from him.*) Look here, my fine fellow. Just mind your own business.

Will: Yes, sir. (*Exit by window C.*)

Budd (*sitting with box on knee*): I wouldn't have him go off with that box for worlds. I fancied that after the photograph I sent her of myself (picked it up in a broker's shop for 2d.), she would expect something handsome, so I have a wig and a few etceteras here. I meant to make up before I left town, but Clarkson didn't send the box till just as I was starting. It's a lucky thing Matilda didn't see me going off in this get-up. (*Opens box, starts back.*) Great Scott! What have we here? (*Pulls out lady's wig.*) The idiot has sent the wrong box. (*Enter Will. by window C., comes down and looks at wig in Budd's hand.*)

Will: Did you ring, sir?

Budd: Get out, you good-for-nothing, worthless—

Will: Yes sir, (*Rushes out by window to escape being kicked.*)

Budd: What on earth am I to do? Ah! I see there is some rouge and stuff. I will try and do something with that. (*Takes off coat and goes to looking-glass over mantelpiece begins to paint himself. Enter Will. L.U.E.*)

Will.: Did you ring, sir? (*Bursts out laughing.*)

Budd: You—you. (*Shaking with passion, noise of wheels.*)  
Hullo, what's that?

Will (*looking over balcony*): A lady, sir. (*Budd looks.*)

Budd: Good heavens. Here, help me. (*Loads William with box, wig, coat, &c.*) Where can I go? Ah, I see.

(*Rushes through L.I.E. ; looks back.*) Here William, go and usher the lady upstairs. Put her into that room, and when she is ready tell me. (*Gives William money and slams door.*)

*Will*: Ten bob. Might have made it arf a guinea! Well, never mind, here goes. (*Opens door L.U.E.*) This way, Madam, this way. (*Enter Miss Budd in evening dress, with cloak. She is elderly, but got up to look very juvenile.*)

*Miss B*: Has—has the gentleman arrived yet?

*Will*: Yes, Madam. He asked if you would be so good as kindly step in that room for a few minutes just to wash yer 'ands!

*Miss B*: Sir!

*Will*: Beg parding, Madam. I'll go and order the chef to serve up the dinner.

*Miss B*: Thank you. (*William waits, evidently for a tip. but as he gets nothing, exit L.U.E. in disgnst.*)

*Miss B*: I wonder what he's like in reality? He looks so handsome in his photograph, What a lucky thing it was I managed to get off without my brother's knowledge. I left a note for him to say I had gone to a School Board meeting. (*Budd within coughs.*) Good gracious! what's that? It must be *he*. I'll just go into the room and put a few finishing touches to my attire. I ought to have been looking better, but the stupid costumier sent me a man's wig. (*Picks up cloak &c., and exit R.U.E. Pause. Enter Will L.U.E.*)

*Will*: She's gone to tintinnabulate herself. (*Knocks at R.E.*) Please sir, she's gone.

*Budd (within)*: Eh?

*Will (in loud whisper)*: Everything's ready, sir.

*Budd (opening door)*: Oh, all right. (*Enters, made-up with ridicnlously pink cheeks, &c.*)

*Will*: Oh, sir, you does look toffy.

*Budd*: Think so? (*Tips him.*) Now, where is the lady? (*Looks round; Will approaches him on tip-toe and mysteriously points to door R.U.E.*)

*Budd*: Oh, *there* is she? I see. (*Will goes up to door and knocks.*)

*Miss B (within)*: Yes.

*Will*: The dinner and the gent's ready, madam.

*Miss B* : Thank you. I'm just coming. (*Exit William L.U.E. ; returns with soup tureen, which he places on table, and stands C. with salver in hand, napkin over arm. Budd strikes attitude down L., seems nervous. Miss Budd throws open door and marches in. Suddenly she sees Budd, and stands dumb with amazement. Budd presently wakes up and sees Miss Budd, looks the picture of abject misery. Will stands deprecatingly, looking from one to another. Pause.*)

*Miss B* : Benjamin, my brother, by all that's extraordinary,

*Budd* : Matilda, my sister, by all that's—(*William drops salver with crash.*)

### QUICK CURTAIN.

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o *William*

o *Miss Budd*

o *Budd*



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